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ready to sneer when we make any reference to the Governor of the World, turn up the white of their eyes, and tell us the Aborigines are appointed by an inevitable law to perish ! I deny it. I say, to affirm that they perish by a law of Providence is a falsehood and a blasphemy. They perish, not by a law of Providence, but by the wickedness of man ; and it is our business, as Christian philanthropists, to lift up a stern voice of remonstrance, to step between them and their destroyer, and say they shall not perish.

THE WASTE OF WAR.

Give me the gold that war has cost,
Before this peace expanding day,
The wasted skill, the labor lost,
The mental treasure thrown away ;
And I will buy each rood of soil
In every yet discovered land.
Where hunters roam, where peasants toil,
Where many-peopled cities stand.

I'll clothe each shivering wretch on earth
In needful, nay, in brave attire ;
Vesture befitting banquet mirth,
Which kings might envy and admire.
In every vale, in every plain,
A school shall glad the gazer's sight ;
Where every poor man's child may gain
Pure knowledge, free as air and light.

I'll build asylums for the poor,
By age or ailment made forlorn ;
And none shall thrust them from the door,
Or sting with looks and words of scorn.
I'll link each alien hemisphere ;
Help honest men to conquer wrong ;
Art, Science, Labor, nerve and cheer.

In every crowded town shall rise
Halls, Academies, amply graced ;
Where Ignorance may soon be wise,
And Coarseness learn both art and taste.
To every province shall belong
Collegiate structures, and not few
Fill'd with a truth-exploring throng,
And teachers of the good and true.

In every free and peopled clime
A vast Walhalla hall shall stand,
A marble edifice sublime,
For the illustrious of the land ;
A Pantheon for the *truly* great,
The wise, beneficent, and just ;
A place of wide and lofty state
To honor or to hold their dust.

A temple to attract and teach,
Shall lift its spire on every bill,
Where pious men shall feel and preach
Peace, mercy, tolerance, and good-will ;
Music of bells on Sabbath days,
Round the whole earth shall gladly rise ;
And one great Christian song of praise
Stream sweetly upward to the skies !

Graham's Magazine.